

CHAPTER IX .- Continued.

"But what's the good of stiting here in this death house?" protested Howard. "Take me to the station if I must go. It's intolerable to all any longer here."

The captain beckened to Maloney. "Not so fast, young man. Before we go to the station we want to ask you a few questions. Don't we, Ma-Loner To

The sergeant came over, and the captain whispered something in his war. Howard shivered. Suddenly turning to his prisoner, the captain shouled in the stern tone of com-Bulkerd:

"Get up!" Howard did no he was ordered. He folt he must. There was no resisting that powerful brute's tone of authorify. Pointing to the other side of the table, the captain went on:

"Stand over there where I can look mt you!

The two men now faced each other, the small table alone separating them. The powerful electroller overhead east its light full on Howard's haggard face and on the captain's soowling features. Suddenly Maloney turned off every electric roller, the glare of which was inten alfied by the surrounding darkness The rest of the room was in shadow. One saw only these two figures standing vividly out in the strong light-the white-faced prisoner and his stalwart inquisitor. In the dark hackground stood Policeman Delaney, Close at hand was Maloney taking BOLSH

"You did it, and you know you did MI" thundered the captula, fixing his eyes on his trembling victim.

"I did not do it," replied Howard slowly and firmly, returning the police man's stare.

"You're lying!" shouted the captain calmly. The captain glared at him for a

moment and then suddenly tried new tactics "Why did you come here?" he de-

manded. "I came to borrow money."

"Did you get it?"

"No-he said he couldn't give it to

"Then you killed him."

positively. Thus the searching examination dollars when we were at college towent on, mereflessly, tirelessly. The gether, and I tried to get it. I've told same questions, the same answers, the you so many times. You won't besame accusations, the same denials, lieve me. My brain is tired. I'm thorhour after hour. The captain was oughly exhausted. Please let me go. tired, but being a giant in physique, My poor wife won't know what's the he could stand it. He knew that his matter."

victim could not. It was only a question of time when the latter's resist- growled the captain. "We've sent for ance would be weakened. Then he her. How much did you try to borwould stop lying and tell the truth | row?" That's all he wanted-the truth.

"You shot him!" "I did not."

"You're lying!"

"I'm not lying-it's the truth." So it went on, hour after hour, re lentlessly, pitilesely, while the patient

took notes. CHAPTER X.

The clock ticked on, and still the had been at it now five long, weary hours. Through the blinds the gray spoke: "You shot him!" daylight outside was creeping its way in. All the policemen were exhaust- backward, as if he realized the trap Maliney. ed. The prisoner was on the verge of being laid for him. collapse. Majoney and Patrolman Delaney were doring on chairs, but | Quickly following up his advantage, close to his, the captain shouted: Capt. Clinton, a marvel of from will Capt. Clinton shouted dramatically:

AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

with nearthing questions.

pitiable to witness. His face was You relied on petting away unseen white as death. His trembling lips You never stopped to think that the could hardly articulate. It was with blood on your hands would betray the greatest diffracty that he kept on you." Graffy he added: "Now, come. his feet. Every moment be seemed what's the use of wasting all this about to fall. At times he clutched the time? It won't go so hard with you table nervously, for fear he would if you own up. You killed Robert stumble. Several times, through sheer [Underwood!" exhaustion, he sat down. The act was | Howard shock his head. There was ing way.

"I can't stand any more," he mureyes rolled in his head. He looked as me." If he would faint.

angetty.

steady himself, he caught hold of the seen." Turning to his men, he added: He was loging his power to resist, oner say that?" The captain saw he was weakening. The sergeant consulted his back and he smiled with satisfaction. He'd notes, and replied: scon get a confession out of him. Suddenly bending forward, so that his fleres, determined stare glared right his hip pocket the revolver which he into Howard's half closed eyes, he had found on the floor near the dead shouted:

he kept pounding the unkeypy youth | out being seen. You hadn't even stopped to wash the blood off your By this time Howard's condition was bands. All you fellers make mistakes.

almost involuntary. Nature was giv- a pathetic expression of helplessness head dropped forward on his breast, on his face.

mured. "What's the good of all these was asleep on that sofa. I woke up. Turning to Maloney, he said with a questions? I tall you I didn't do it." It was dark. I went out. I wanted to chuckle: He snak helplessly on to a chair. His get home. My wife was walting for

"Now I've caught you lying," inter-

"Yes, Cap', that's what he said." Suddenly Capt. Clinton drew from man's body. The supreme test was "You did it and you know you did!" about to be made. The wily police "No-I-" replied Howard weakly. | captain would now play his trump These repeated dentals are use card. It was not without reason that less!" shouted the captain. "There's his enemies charged him with employ-

"Why Did You Come Here?"

o the chair!' Howard shook his head helplessly.

Weakly be replied:

This constant questioning is making me dizzy. Good God! What's clear. You came for money. You the use of questioning me and questioning me? I know nothing about

"Why did you come here?" thun-

dered the captain. "I've told you over and over again. "I lid not kill him," replied Howard We're old friends. I came to borrow money. He owed me a few hundred

"Never mind about your wife,"

Howard was silent a moment, as if racking his brain, trying to remem-

"A thousand-two thousand. I for-I think one thousand." "Did he say he'd lend you the mon-

ey?" demanded the inquisitor. Maleney, in the obscure background, "No," replied the prisoner, with hesitation. He couldn't-he-poor chap-

"Ah!" snapped the captain. "He refused-that led to words. There was a quarrel, and-" Suddenly leaning merciless browheating went on. They forward until his face almost touched Howard's, he bissed rather than

Howard gave an involuntary step.

"No, no!" he cried

and physical strength, never relaxed "You lie! He was found on the up! Let's have the troth! You shot take it, it makes a story. It has never for a moment. Not allowing himself foor in this room-dead. You were Robert Underwood with this revolver, been decided which is the better way.

his inquisitorial examinations.

"Stop your lying!" he said florcely. "Tell the truth, or we'll keep you tain here until you do. The motive is were refused, and you did the trick."

Suddenly producing the revolver, and holding it well under the light. so that the rays from the electroller fell directly on its highly polished surface, he shouted:

hypnosis, he was now directly under at the interruption. the influence of Capt. Clinton's "Keep the woman quiet till abe's stronger will. He was completely re- wanted!" he growled. ceptive. The past seemed all a blur on his mind. He saw the flash of steel and the police captain's angry, determined-looking face. He felt he was poweriess to resist that will any longer. He stepped back and gave a shudder, sverting his eyes from the blinding steel. Capt. Clinton quickly followed up his advantage:

"You committed this crime, Howard Jeffries!" he shouted, flying him with a stare. To his subordinate he shouted: "Didn't he, Maloney?" "He killed him all right," echoed

he weaken or show algas of fatigue, trying to get out of the house with You did it, and you can't deny it! You -Puck.

know you con't done it! Spenal" he thundered, "You did it!" Hereard, his eyes still fixed on the hining plated, repeated, as if racti-

THE BUT THE Quickly Capt. Clinton algoaled to Malousy to approach nearer with hisnoto-beok. The detective pergeant took his place intended by back of

Howard. The captain torned to his **DESIGNATION** "You shot Robert Underwood!" "I shot Robert Underwood," re-

peated Howard mechanically. "You quarreled!" "We quarreled."

"You came here for money?"

"I came here for money." "He refused to give it to yout" "He refused to give it to me. "There was a quarrel!"

"There was a quarrel." "You drew that pistot!" "I drew that pistol." "And shot him!"

"And shot him."

Capt. Clinton stalled triumphantly. "That's all," he said. Howard collapsed into a chair. His

as if he were asleep. Capt. Cliston "I didn't kill him," he faltered. "I rawned and looked at his watch.

> "By George: it's taken five hours to get it out of him!

Maluney turned out the electric "Stand up!" thundered the captain rupted the captain quickly. "You told lights and went to pull up the window the coroner you saw the dead man and shades, letting the bright daylight Howard obeyed mechanically, at feared you would be suspected of his stream into the room. Suddenly though he recled in the effort. To murder, and so tried to get away un. there was a ring at the front door. Officer Delaney opened, and Dr. Berntable. His strength was fast chiting "How is that, Maloney? Did the pris- stein entered. Advancing into the room; he shook hands with the captala.

"I'm sorry I couldn't come before, captain. I was out when I got the call. Where's the body?

The captain pointed to the inner "In there.

After glancing curiously at Howard, the doctor disappeared into the

Capt. Clinton turned to Majoney. "Well, Maloney, I guess our work is done here. We want to get the prisoner over to the station, then make out a charge of murder, and prepare the full confession to submit to the magistrate. Have everything ready by pine o'clock. Meantime, I'll go down and see the newspaper boys. I guess there's a bunch of them down there. Of course, it's too late for the morning papers, but it's a bully good story for the afternoon editions. Delaney, you're responsible for the pris-Better handcuff him."

The patrolman was just putting the manacles on Howard's wrists when Dr. Bernstein re-entered from the inner room. The captain turned. "Well, have you seen your man?"

he asked. The doctor nodded.

"Found a bullet wound in his head." be said. "Flesh all burned-must have been pretty close range. It might

bave been a case of suicide." Capt. Clinton frowned. He didn't like suggestions of that kind after a confession which had cost him five hours' work to procure.

"Suicide?" be gneered. "Say, docfor, did you happen to notice what mide of the head the wound was ou?" Dr. Bernstein reflected a moment. it, it was the left side."

"Precisely," sneered the captain. "I never heard of a suicide shooting him- spending sighty dollars and fifty cents self in the left temple. Don't worry, at Takem Inn, New Hampshire doctor, it's murder, all right." Pointing with a jerk of his finger toward lars at Atlantic City. Otherwise he Howard, he added: "And we've got had a good time. the man who did the job."

and spoke to him in a low tone. The Wednesday. She paid four dollars for captain frowned and looked toward her boy seat. his prisoner. Then, turning toward the officer, he said:

"Is the wife downstairs?"

The officer nodded. 'Yes, sir; they just telephoned." "Then let her come up," said the "I'm not lying," replied Howard already enough evidence to send you ing unlawful methods in conducting captain. "She may know something" Delaney returned to the telephone and Dr. Bernstein turned to the cap-

not at all sure that Underwood did not do taus himself."

"Ain't you? Well, I am," replied the captain with a speer. Pointing

again to Howard, he said: "This man has just confessed to the

shooting."

At that moment the front door "Howard Jeffries, you shot Robert opened and Annie Jeffries came in es-Underwood, and you shot him with corted by an officer. She was pale and frightened, and looked timidly at Howard gazed at the shining sur- the group of strange and serious-lookface of the metal as if fascinated. He ing men present. Then her eyes went the young man exclaimed: spoke not a word, but his eyes be round the room in search of her huscame riveted on the weapon until his band. She saw him seemingly asleep face assumed a vacant stare. From in an armchair, his wrists manacled the aclentific standpoint, the act of in front of him. With a frighthypnotism had been accomplished, ened exclamation she sprang forward, In his nervous and overfatigued state, but Officer Delaney intercepted her. added to his susceptibility to quick Capt. Clinton turned around angrily

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As You Like IL

The aged, worn, and guileless-looking individual sauntered up to the deak of the clerk in a southern hotel, and quavered, as he drew from his wallet a yellow bill, "Friend, will you kindly give me five sliver dollars in exchange for this mements of the good old confederate days?"

The clerk glanced quickly at the proffered bill, smiled to himself, tossed it into the drawer, and counted out the five dollars. When the guileless-His eyes still fixed on those of his looking individual had gone, the cierk, victim, and approaching his face examined the bill he had just taken

in. He found that it was, or was not, "You did it, Jeffries! Come on, gwn a good U. S. bill. Either way you



The little boys of twenty years ago-End little boys, that is-had one queen Which many folk considered crude and he gets to it.

Twas culculated to exasperate,

But 'twas expressive, and 'twas under-stood By those who saw it—though it always words and actions that were far from good, And boys caught at it sometimes would be spanked.

Twee this: The thumb in insolence was placed
Against the nose-tip and the fingers

Fan-wise, deristraly; their wiggles traced. The "Tah" the daring youth must leave unsaid. A stent per-a most togetting jeer-It flung a challenge to a youthful for, Or wiggled at the bulk of teacher dear When from the schooling

bods us go. Oh, can't you see a freckled, tow-haired With two teeth out to front, with twin-

kling eyes, Who thumbed his noss and made that sign with joy When he saw one whom he must needs The grave town marshal who had chased

The lafe who had been robbing orchard The braheman who had kept them from the train, The spinster who would sould in stri-dent keys.

But now no more-times change; so does the lad. What newer rudeness now makes clear

his scorn?
What does he do to make folk call him had And yow he'll rue the day that he was born?
But we, old, fat, held-headed menHow oft there comes a memory that

shows
A boy with stone-bruised feet who spreads again His fingers, with his thumb against his nose!

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Kneerly-Busted are Mr. Foerce Titewadd spent fifty dol-

Mrs. O. Watisurnalm were her two Officer Delaney approached his chief hundred dollar dress at the matthee

Miss vers Glddelgh were her spring complexion at the golf donner Tuesday. Miss Giddeigh is always uncon

ventional. Mr. Dommer Yett has purchased two new pictures for his art gallery. They are very attractive. One cost \$3,500; the other close to \$4,000.

Miss Ima Frite was the central figure in a serious accident Wednesday. "Say what you will, captain, I'm She was thrown from an automobile and suffered a sprained finger, as well as breaking her \$75 parasol and spoiling her \$387 cost.

Insult to Injury.

There was once a young man who became involved in an altercation with a large, rude person of sudden manners, who kicked him out of the house and down the street. While he was being kicked along the sidewalk

"Bir, you are heaping indignities upon me!" "How's that?" demanded the large person with the lively foot. "Because everybody who sees us

will think that I have proposed for the hand of your daughter." Bethinking himself that he would give his family the appearance of trying to break into society, the angry man desisted from kicking the

youth any further. A Clearing-House.

"That boy of mine is going to be another Pierpont Morgan or Carnegle," says the visibly proud man. "What's he done " asks the other.

"Why I told him last night I would have to whip him for some mischief he had been in, and he explained to me that he had gone into a combination with the other boys in the neighborbood, so that they pooled their punishments and rewards, and that at present the rewards offset the punishments due three to one. He offered to get me the position of suditor for the crowd,"

Mebur Dresbit

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Many a time this summer you're going to be just about done out by the heat-dot, and so thirsty it just seems nothing could quench it. When such moments arrive or when you just want a delicious, palate tickling drink step into the first place you can find where they sell COCA-COLA. It's dolicious, refreshing and completely thirst-quenching. At sods-fountains or carbonated in bottles -5c everywhere. Send to the COCA COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga., for their free bookdet "The Truth About COCA COLA." Tells what COCA-COLA is and why it is so deli clous, cooling and wholesoms.

To the Point. Over in Hoboken in a abop frequented by Germans, hangs a sign framed in mournful black, reading thus;

"We regret to inform our honorest customers that our good and generous friend, Mr. Credit, expired today. Ho was a noble soul, always willing and helpful, but has been falling for some time. May he rest in peace. PAY CASH!"

Examine carefully every bottle of CABTORIA, a sefe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Bignature of Chat H. Wetchers. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoris There is still plenty of honey in the rock for the man who has the pa-

Many a man who swears at a big menopoly is nourishing a little one.

tience to keep on pegging away until

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Vegetable Com-pound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. Mylimbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the worderful cures made

y Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable ompound and decided to try it, nd it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it d worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will elp others you may publish my etter."—Mrs. Nathan B. Greaton, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegotable Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confiden-tial letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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The dyapoptic, the deblittated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or ex-

MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tutt's Pills the most genial re live ever offered the suffering invested.

